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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE MEMORIAL.

The Effect of a Single Folly.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART, OF NEW-YORK.

(Concluded.)

It was less than a year from the time of the masquerade, that the public papers announced the marriage of Colonel Graham with the beautiful and accomplished Caroline Wilton; and from that hour the disappointed and disgusted Landon foreswore all intercourse with the female sex.

Graham had once been among the number of his friends; but he was the man, of all others, whom he would have warned her to avoid. Handsome and insinuating in his manners, and apparently all that was good and amiable, he was, in reality, selfish, designing and tyrannical, and altogether incapable of loving. Vanity was his ruling passion—and vanity, once gratified, becomes a cold and heartless feeling towards its object.

Caroline had lost her mother; and her father, though indulgent, even to a fault, was a man of business, and too much occupied with the affairs of the world, to think much of those of the heart. He had been led to believe that Mr. Landon and his daughter had broken their engagement to each other, by mutual consent, and though exceedingly mortified at so unexpected a termination of the projected alliance he said little on the subject; and when Caroline assured him that it was her choice to marry Colonel Graham, he kindly told her to consult her own happiness, and act according to her wishes. He did not live to witness the trials and vicissitudes of her future life; and she rejoiced in the midst of her sorrows, that he was spared the pang of knowing that she had sealed her own misery, by her hasty union.

The flowers of three summers had bloomed and faded since the fatal barrier had been placed between Landon and his love: and time had worn out the first bitterness of feeling, and destroyed much of his resentment towards Caroline. He began to judge calmly and rationally of the past, and acknowledge to his own heart that he had been greatly to blame. It was the blind impetuosity of his own disposition which had dictated his last words to her, and provoked the proud reply, which had separated them forever. He felt that he should not have utterly forsaken her for a single folly.

So young, so beautiful, so full of joyous spirits and so free from the world's guile, how could he thus abandon her?

She had left her native place, and gone with her husband he knew not whither. He made no inquiries concerning her fate, and his friends never mentioned her name in his presence. Indeed, he kept up but little intercourse with those who knew him. He either spent his time in travelling, or secluded himself within his own walls; and the once brilliant, fascinating, and elegant Landon, seemed changed to the morose and gloomy recluse.

He had been wandering through the country during the summer months, impelled by a restless spirit that haunted him incessantly; and in one of his excursions he missed his way, and found himself, late in the evening, apparently in an unfrequented place, and probably far from any habitation: but after riding on rapidly for half an hour, and suffering his horse to take his own course, he discovered a light, and turned toward it. As he approached, he found it came from a small cottage surrounded with shrubbery; and dismounting he walked slowly and cautiously on, till within a few yards of the window whence it issued. It was a still evening, in the month of June, and the moon was just rising in a cloudless sky. Landon stopped for a moment, and contemplated the scene with an indelible feeling of melancholy. Suddenly the sound of music came from the house. He listened. It was a low, mournful voice, yet sweet, and soft. The air was "The last rose of summer," and awakened many painful associations in his mind. It was the last song that Caroline had ever sung for him on that eventful evening when a "trifle light as air" had made an everlasting breach between them. He approached nearer, and distinctly heard the following words:

'Tis the last blooming summer
These eyes shall behold—
Long, long ere another,
This heart shall be cold;
But ah! its best feelings,
On earth have been chilled,
And I grieve not, that shortly
Its pulse shall be stilled.
Alone and in sorrow,
Dark hours roll by,
Forsaken and friendless,
Why should I not die!
The turf will lie lightly
Above the lone spot,
Where the heart-broken stranger
Is laid and forgot.

With the last stanza, the voice seemed to falter, and there was a slight pause, apparently from uncontrollable feeling, in the concluding line. Landon stood as if chained to the ground. The image of Caroline flitted before his imagination, as he had last seen her in her innocence and loveliness, and he could not divest himself of the idea that he had again heard the sweet tones of her voice. Deep interest was mingled with his curiosity to catch a glimpse of the musician before he applied for admittance, and he was accidentally gratified. The curtain which shaded the window was suddenly drawn aside, as if to admit the air, and a youthful female, dressed in black, appeared to be the only inmate of the apartment. Landon was concealed from view by the shrubbery, and gazed with an intensity of feeling which absorbed every thought. The lady passed her hand to her forehead, and walked from the casement. He could not be mistaken; it was surely the step, the figure of Caroline Wilton—and as she turned again, the light fell full on her face, and removed the last shadow of doubt. Yes, it was indeed she—but oh! how changed from the blooming beauty of other days. Consumption and sorrow were fast performing their work of death—and her song seemed prophetic of her early doom. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and her eyes had lost their once joyful expression; but nothing could dispel the charm which the soul of virtue and intelligence diffused over her lovely countenance.

Landon rushed forward, and would have forced himself into her presence—but, as he laid his hand on the latch of the door, the thought darted across his mind, “she is married!”—and he turned hastily away.—“Ungrateful, misguided Caroline,” said he to himself, “why hast thou again crossed my view? It is not for me to sooth thy sorrows now—and the husband thou hast chosen, where is he?”

These thoughts nerved him to quit the spot, and discovering a beaten track, he pursued his way, and soon found a shelter for the night. The next morning he departed, without asking a single question concerning the cottage or its inhabitants: but the memory of that pale face and wasted form, haunted him wherever he went.

Summer had glided away, and the falling leaves of autumn cast a deeper gloom over his mind. In the romance and eccentricity of his disposition, he had buried all his painful thoughts and feelings in his own bosom: but they became at length too bitter to be borne, and he determined secretly to revisit the lonely cottage.

Evening again cast her shadows on the surrounding objects, and a dim light shone faintly from the same casement window. Landon reached, unobserved, the very spot where he had last stood: and what were his sensations to hear again the notes of music! It was a voice

of sorrow, and seemed a requiem over the dead. Wildly and solemnly it floated on the autumn blast—and the words which fell on his ear, harrowed his soul with anguish.

Sleep on, sleep on—thou wilt not wake
Although poor Ellen's heart should break,
To see thee thus so calmly lie,
Unmindful of her tearful eye.
And art thou gone, my Caroline?
Oh! art thou, now, no longer *mine*?
Then fare thee well—why should I weep
To see thee thus so sweetly sleep?
This world was never fit for thee—
It was not meant thy home to be:
Thou wast to us a season given,
But thy-abiding place is heaven.

The strain ceased, and sobs were heard audibly in place of the music. Landon was much affected, and as he had once known Ellen Sinclair, the bosom friend of Caroline in the days of her happiness, he entered the apartment where she was sitting, by the remains of her youthful companion.

Ellen started at his well-remembered form, and then, with a look of coldness, haughtily said, “You have come too late, Mr. Landon. Why do you intrude at such a moment? Would you take a last look at those still, cold features, beautiful even in death?—but oh! ‘the spirit is not there.’”

Landon spoke not, but turned to the bed, and knelt by the side of his departed love. Long did he gaze in silence—till at length, in a voice choked with strong emotion, he exclaimed, “Sleep on, beloved Caroline!—Sleep on, in thy calm, unbroken rest!—Far, far happier art thou now, than he who is gazing on thy senseless form, with a broken heart. Oh! that I had left thee under thy father's roof, beautiful and innocent, and happy as thou wast when I first saw thee. Sweet flower! thou mightest have bloomed wild, and lived out thy days—but, transplanted, and fostered with too much care, thou wast unable, like a green house plant, to bear the pitiless blasts of the world. Why did I take thee from the protector which nature had given thee? Oh! too severely have I been punished for my presumption and vanity. Thou art gone! and this work of death is all the effect of one single folly in me.”

The heart-stricken mourner rose from his knees and left the room: and it was many weeks after the turf had been laid on the grave of Caroline, ere he could bring himself to inquire the particulars of her history since her marriage.

Her tale was a common one. It was the story of a woman disappointed in her first love—marrying from other feelings—fulfilling her duties to her husband with fidelity, but with a broken heart—neglected by the man for whom she had sacrificed her happiness, and at last forsaken and left to die in the spring time of life, with injured feelings, withered affections, and blighted hopes.

She left a few lines for Landon, written just before her death. They were as follows :

"To my early benefactor, I would devote a few remaining moments of my life. They must, indeed, be few, for I feel that I am dying. Ten years have passed, Landon, since I was first taught to look up to you as my protector, adviser, and *best* friend. I dare not look back on the first six, because I must not now indulge those feelings which ever come with the recollection of that golden part of my life. My foolish heart sometimes whispers me, "how happy I might have been!" but, believe me, my friend, the happiness of this world, after all, is but a dream. The last four years have been to me an age of sorrow; and young as I am, I am contented to die. I feel that I have lived long enough to have had my share of good and evil—but the evil has been better for me than the good. It has turned my thoughts from the joys which pass away, to those which endure for ever; and it has taught me to seek the straight and narrow path, which leads to a brighter and a better world.

"Had it been the will of Providence, I should have rejoiced to see you once more; but it may not be—we can never meet again in this world. A few short hours will probably finish my brief career, and close the scene of life for ever. Your noble and generous heart will mourn, I know, for my early fate, and my last earthly thoughts will linger with the benefactor of my youth. There is a feeling that will not die, but with the last spark of my life. There is a deep and enduring affection, which is often found in woman's heart. If unfortunate, it may be concealed and struggled with, and schooled into submission, amidst other cares and duties; but when the hour of death approaches, it will assert its power, and swallow up every other earthly feeling.

"I know, too well, that the bright prospect of my early days were all blasted by a *single folly*—and the effect of that one has caused me to commit a hundred others, which have brought misfortune, and misery, and death, in their train—but I mourn not now, for *myself*—I grieve only for the sorrows which I have inflicted on the best of men. Oh, Landon, forgive my ingratitude to you—forgive the cruel disappointment of your hopes, the desolation I have spread around your path, and drop one tear to the memory of the wretched

CAROLINE.

Weeks, and months, and years, glided on unheeded, by the desolate and heart broken Landon—but time at length softened the violence of grief, and wore away the heavy gloom of disappointment. In the very prime of life, rich, handsome, and accomplished, with splendid talents and brilliant genius, he could not fail of being an object of attention and interest. He began again to smile with the light of other days—to charm with his conversation, and

delight with his various accomplishments: but his heart was buried in the early grave of his Caroline. Landon had loved, not as *men* love. Surrounded and courted, and flattered, by the young, the gay, and the beautiful, he was still true to his first passion, and passed on through life, a solitary and isolated being, the victim of a single folly, and its fatal effects.

There was many a youthful bosom whose warmest and best affections would have been gladly devoted to him, had he given the slightest encouragement:—but, "the heart requires a heart, nor will be satisfied with less than it gives."

The Village Ball.

OR ELLA'S BIRTH DAY.

"Nursed in the solitude of nature, she
Became the soul of purity and grace,
The mirror of its native loveliness."

The village bells rung a merry peal, the morn appeared bright as the hopes of youth, and not a face but shone with joyous gladness. Every one seemed full of business, some were seen going to and fro, others were observed returning from the fields laden with the choicest flowers, while many a bashful maiden, full of joy and hope, sat gaily weaving a simple wreath of jessamine.

The village inhabitants were now attracted by a rapid approach of a travelling carriage and four. It stopped at the principal inn, and a stranger of imposing appearance alighted. It was easily seen that he was a person of consequence—the haughty, yet graceful dignity of his whole demeanor, spoke at once his rank, and even the courteous urbanity of his manner seemed to say, "it is only condescension."

Addressing himself to his host, he inquired the reason of the bustle in the village—

"Why your honor," answered the Landlord, whose name was Merton, "it is Miss Ella's birth-day, and they are going to have a grand Ball."

"And who is Miss Ella?" asked the stranger.

"And have you not heard of Miss Ella Cleveland? she is the pride of our Village—beloved by the young, and adored by the old, she is never seen, but admiration and blessings followed her footsteps."

"She must certainly be a prodigy of wonder," sarcastically observed the Stranger, "but I suppose, that joined to this perfection of mind she is old, and ugliness personified."

"Miss Ella Cleveland old and ugly! nay, now you do but banter me; why the sun never shone upon a lovelier creature, and as to age this day she numbers but seventeen summers."

"Aye, I had forgotten that to day, the village celebrates her birth—and so this peerless Ella is young, lovely, and amiable—is it so, good Landlord?"

"I do entreat you to see and judge for yourself," replied Mr. Merton; "come this evening to the Mansion, and if you do not say

Miss Ella is lovely as an angel, then never call me Landlord again."

"A fair offer, 'pon honor," cried the Stranger, whom we shall call Mr. Beverly.—"and I accept the challenge—but will a stranger be welcome at the Mansion—will I be considered an intruder?"

"Ah! no, indeed, I'll warrant you will be made welcome, the father of Ella Cleveland is famed for kind hospitality."

"Well, with your permission," said Mr. Beverly, "I will now retire to change my dress, for I must put on all my grace to do honour to this charming Ella."

That evening the light blazed in the mansion of Mr. Cleveland—the village maidens, bright with rosy health and cheerfulness, were thronging there—some attended by a gay and gallant youth, while others breathed a secret wish that they would appear pleasing in the eye of "him they loved best."

Among the numerous visitants was our friend Mr. Merton, and with him appeared the elegant Stranger, Mr. Beverly, who, advancing into the Hall, was presented to Mr. Cleveland, and received with mingled politeness and kindness.—On entering the room, where the dancers were assembled, Mr. Beverly's attention was rivetted on a lovely girl on whom he could not look without emotion. Her face and features were illumined with sweet expression, and there was in her countenance such sense and innocence united, that it was impossible to behold without wishing to know her. She was modestly attired in a white muslin dress—a white satin ribbon bound her slender waist, and flowed to the ground, while a half blown rose was the sole and simple ornament of her head.

"Merton, my wise Landlord," cried Mr. Beverly, "you have conquered—that lovely female must be Ella, and I no longer wonder at what you have said."

"Ah! I knew your doubts would all end when you had seen her," answered the delighted Mr. Merton, "but come shall I present you!"

"Nay, one moment wait," replied Mr. Beverly, "for see, she is going to dance."

Ella, for it was indeed her, was now led up to the top of the dance. Her graceful form appeared all animation, and the enraptured Mr. Beverly followed her light footsteps through all the mazes of the sprightly figure. When it had concluded, he turned to seek his good friend, the Landlord, whom he found in close conversation with Mr. Cleveland.

Upon Mr. Beverly expressing a wish to be introduced to Miss Cleveland, her father led him towards her. Ella received his compliments with a blush, but the intelligence which flashed from her dark and eloquent eye penetrated his heart, and he felt that to be beloved by Ella, he would willingly resign rank, fortune, all.

He spent a delightful half hour in conversation with her, and was as much charmed with her mind as he had been by her lovely unaffected manner. To sit beside her all the evening would have been the height of happiness, but Mr. Beverly knew that he could not hope to engross her attention from all the company, and rising he bowed to her with a regret he could ill disguise.

Where was now all the lofty grandeur of the mighty Mr. Beverly?—all had fled, all vanquished by the unobtrusive graces of a village maiden—he could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses—and the proud Mr. Beverly, he, who had scorned the noble and wealthy city belles, he, who had mingled in the gay and alluring circles of high birth and fashion, was now conquered by the resistless charms of innocent loveliness!

Such were his feelings, as he sat in total abstraction unmindful of all that passed around him, except only when Ella would occasionally address a few words to him, then he would start and look so conscious that Ella thought it was only common politeness made her wish to sit beside him and beguile his mind from painful thoughts.

"Come," said she, playfully, "you must dance or I shall fear our mirth annoys you."

"And would Ella wish to see me happy?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Ella, blushing at the fixed expression of his look, "I would have all around me happy."

"So young, and artless, and yet so highly gifted," exclaimed Beverly, gazing on her.

"Nay," said Ella, "do not flatter, or I shall be compelled to run away from you."

She gave him a lively smile as she said this and ere he could return an answer her hand was claimed for the ensuing dance. We will not fatigue our readers with a long detail of the festivities of the birth-night ball.—suffice it to say, that before its conclusion, Mr. Beverly really admired Ella more than he thought he could ever have admired woman, and upon his return to the village inn, that night, or rather next morning, he told Mr. Merton, that he "contemplated staying a few weeks in the village, that he might have an opportunity of viewing the surrounding country."

"And perhaps the views around *Cleveland Hall* may be worth observing," replied Mr. Merton, with a good humored but penetrating look.

Mr. Beverly, rather embarrassed, answered simply, "that the scenery was indeed sublime and well worthy the attention of a traveller."

"True," said Merton, "and the beauty of its fir inhabitants will repay the delay of a few days."

Mr. Beverly felt as a boy when caught in a fault. He coloured, stammered, and looked out at the window. Recovering, he coldly and proudly observed, "that it could not be surprising for any one to feel an interest for Miss Cleveland."

So saying, he abruptly left the room, and in the retirement of his chamber, reflected with anxiety on his recent acquaintance with Ella, and condemned his own folly in suffering his thoughts thus to dwell on a female whom he had beheld only in the glitter of a ball room.—He could not help recalling with pensiveness the time when he looked on female charms as he would have gazed on a beautiful flower, with admiration, but no interest, and he half determined on “seeking safety in flight.” But he found it impossible to come to this conclusion—he artless and interesting Ella seemed perpetually before his eyes, and he sighed involuntarily as his heart told him that absence would have no effect in eradicating the impression that a simple unsophisticated child of nature had made. Ambition had once been the ruling principle of the gay, the high-born Mr. Beverly—but love triumphed over ambition, and Mr. Beverly now thought that to gain the undivided affection of Ella Cleveland, was his only and greatest wish.

On his return to the dining room, the remains of agitation were still visible on his countenance, and he was unusually abstracted and pensive.—All this could not escape the notice of his observing landlord, who, however, thought it serious enough to abstain from raille-ry. For this, Beverly thanked him in his heart, and it increased his regard for his good landlord, which never afterwards was forgotten.

And what were Ella's thoughts respecting Mr. Beverly?—It is true she thought him a very pleasing man, and certainly the most elegant she had seen, but when her father rallied her on the handsome Stranger's attentions, she parried his attacks with playful composure. My reader must not suppose from this account, that Ella was cold or heartless—no, far from it—Ella was the most sensitive, and most gentle girl in the world—but she was not made up of romance—and though the graceful Stranger had paid her more attention than he had shewn to others, yet she considered it merely as a compliment to her birth-day, and it is certain, if Mr. Beverly had left the village Ella would have forgotten she had ever seen him—but it is also certain, that it was with no displeasure she saw him soon after dinner advancing towards the house.

She met him at the door with a frank and unembarrassed air—Mr. Beverly felt painfully confused at first, but Ella's playful sweetness reassured him;—he soon regained his usual ease, and after spending a delightful evening with Ella and her father, he returned to his lodgings, more and more convinced that with Ella alone he could enjoy happiness.

Several weeks passed in a succession of calm and delicious pleasure. Mr. Beverly daily visited Ella; her presence was to him the home of love and joy, and those peaceful days were often closed by an evening stroll in the still and delightful hour of summer

twilight. The decisive question indeed had not passed—he feared precipitation, and dreaded the possibility of awakening from his enchanting dream, but the smile that lighted up his features when she addressed him, was too apparent to be mistaken—and the deepening of the rose on Ella's cheek, whenever he appeared, soon revealed the tale that her pure and guileless heart was all his own.

He at last came to the resolution of confessing the secret of his heart, and Ella received the avowal with a timid blush—she spoke not, but the ineffable softness and innocence of the smile she gave him, spoke in sweeter language than words could tell, all that he could wish.—The marriage soon after took place—and it was pronounced by all, who saw the bride, that she had never looked more lovely. Mr. Merton declared himself the happiest of the happy—and her Father embraced her with tears of joy, of pride, and approbation.

They spent a few days of uninterrupted bliss at Cleveland Hall. Ella gave a splendid ball to the loved companions of her youthful sports, ere she accompanied Mr. Beverly to the metropolis, and such was the winning sweetness of her smiles, and resistless kindness of her manner, that her delighted friends declared, in the joy of their hearts, “that the elegant Mrs. Beverly still retained the lovely simplicity of Ella Cleveland.”

MARIA.

BIOGRAPHY.

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

Charles Sprague.

That the extent of a poet's reputation does not depend upon the number, but on the nature and quality of his writings, a conspicuous illustration is afforded, in the instance of Charles Sprague. Few and far between have been the productions of his muse; but to none has been accorded warmer praise, and none have met with a wider circulation. The Prize-Poem written by him, for the re opening of the Park Theatre, in 1821, is surpassed by but two prologues in the English language, Pope's and Johnson's; and many, indeed, consider it superior to the latter. Lord Byron's, written for a similar occasion in London, is far beneath it in every respect—in melodious flow and power of language, appropriateness and burning nature of the thoughts, and richness of imagery. This poem of Mr. Sprague, the first that brought the public acquainted with him as a child of song, has found a place in the memory of all lovers in the tuneful nine, among the admirable things that the memory delights to hoard; and the general regret is, that one who has vigour to soar so high in the region of poetry, should so seldom “wing its eagle flight.”

Mr. Sprague was born in Boston, October 26, 1791. He received his education at one of the public schools of that city; but like

Dryden and Sheridan, he did not exhibit, at that period, any unusual marks of precocity. On leaving school, he obtained a situation in a mercantile establishment, and turned all the ardour of his mind to the pursuits of commerce.

After continuing in commercial business a number of years, Mr Sprague at length retired and now occupies the respectable and responsible situation of cashier of the Globe Bank. Possessing a genius of the finest order, he is content to let it "rust in him unused," being emulous rather of a business, than of a poetic reputation. When he has occasionally aroused himself from the ironlethargy which the everyday pursuits of life shed over the finer faculties of the soul, he has shown, like the sweet Banker-poet of London, and our own Halleck, that he holds the muses in a sort of Prospero-subjection, and has poured forth numbers that many of those who devote all their lives to song, will vainly strive to equal.

Besides the beautiful prologue we have named, Mr. Sprague is also the author of a Prize Poem, spoken at the opening of the New Theatre in Philadelphia, in 1822; a Prize Ode, delivered at the representation of the Shakspeare Jubilee, at Boston, in 1824; and Odes, Poems, and other poetical miscellanies, on a variety of subjects. It would afford the reading public great pleasure to have them collected together, and published in a volume.

An oration by Mr. Sprague, written for the fourth of July, 1825, is a very superior production. A spirit of patriotic ardour pervades it throughout, and it evinces great fertility of expression, and an ample fund of thought. He is author, likewise, of another production in prose, an Address before the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of Intemperance, which is also beautifully written, exhibiting, in separate and glowing pictures, fresh from the hand of a master, "the deep damnation" of that besetting sin of our country.

In private life, Mr. Sprague is represented as a good citizen, a firm friend, and a man of unblemished integrity. In conversation he is fluent and sparkling, in manners grave and dignified, and in disposition frank, affectionate, and charitable. The ease, facility, and force, with which he writes, is demonstrated by the fact, that the most of his poems have been produced on the occasion of prizes being offered, and, in not a single instance, has he failed to be a successful competitor, though he had to contend with many of the first poets of the country.—*New-York Mirror*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A Half Pay Officer.

There he sits—tall, thin and pale, a man of iron, all bone and muscle, over whom sixty winters and forty campaigns have passed, lea-

ving fewer wrinkles than wounds. He is bald, and that temple of thought, his lofty expansive forehead, terminates in shaggy black eyebrows, which partly conceal the bright, keen, inquisitive orbs, that roll beneath them. You can find little in the expression of his face of sympathy with the affairs of others; his features are moveless and husk like. You would start were those lips to mould themselves into a smile, and a joke from that mouth would sound like a merry tone from St. Paul's. Yet there is nothing morose or cynical about him—an infant would not fear to entwine its arms about his neck—a ragged mendicant would not be afraid to solicit his charity. If he has no spirit of communion with his kind, if the amusements of the young and the gay excite no corresponding emotion in his bosom, it is not misanthropy, but disappointment, which has ossified the surface of his heart—for the heart is tremblingly alive at the core to every call of pity, to every tender and generous impulse: and the man whose looks you might fancy would "freeze Spitzbergen," has often earned the blessings of him who was ready to perish, and called from heaven a beam of joy to enlighten the mansions of despair, though the soul healing ray was never to visit his own breast.

He loved passionately, was loved truly: but "not even love can live on flowers."—He strove to hew a way to fortune with his sword—found honour, but not wealth and after bootless years of hardship and suffering, returned to his native land to bury his betrothed one, (they told him she died of a broken heart,) and sink into that bemocked, unconsidered thing—a half-pay officer.

Extravagance.

Perhaps there is scarcely any thing more destructive to a young man's character than the reputation of extravagance—spending more than circumstances warrant—more than can honorably be repaid. The difficulties in which a spendthrift is continually involved, are very disgusting to all steady people. They disapprove, and justly, of such conduct—they fear to connect themselves with persons who must often become burdensome to them—for he who gets a habit of exceeding his income is seldom cured of it. All the suffering he endures himself, all the vexation he brings upon his relatives and friends, affect him but in a slight or transient manner. His being assisted out of his trouble will only encourage future imprudencies—till, having wearied friend after friend, in rapid succession, he becomes an outcast from society, and eventually aims to obviate the consequences of his follies by crime—some disgraceful or desperate crime.

For your own comfort, for your friends' solace, for the sake of your eventual prosperity, cultivate a strict and manly habit of economy.

It is impossible to raise a good character without it. And this one single article, connected with moderate talent, will recommend you to all with whom you are to have any transaction, from whom you may wish confidence, or expect remuneration. Assistance should you need it, will not be withheld, if it is known that your care of personal expenses is correct. But as nothing can essentially benefit or relieve a man, inattentive in this point—so those who might otherwise be inclined to favour you, will be backward to it—perhaps will roughly refuse all connexion or concern in your ruinous affairs. Do not esteem the name of economy a trifle. Do not account the practice of it mean. Generous, free, call it what you will, are terms which do not apply, unless it is literally and truly your own money with which you are sporting—nor then, if you sport more than your rank and circumstances prudently warrant.—*Taylor.*

The better choice.—A gentleman was waited upon by four workmen, usually employed by him, at Whitsunday last, who presented their compliments to him, and put him in mind of their new year's gifts, which he advised them to put off to that term, as they would then be of greater use to them. "Well, my lads," said the gentleman, "here are the gifts, choose one guinea or a bible?" "I canna read vera weel," said the first, "I'll just tak the siller." "I can read weel eneuch, and has a bible at hame," said the second, "but my rent's to pay," and he took the guinea. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of thirteen or fourteen years old. The gentleman looked at him with an air of goodness, and said, "Johnny, will you take the siller, a thing which you can get at any time by your industry?" "Weel, sir, as you say it's a good book, I'll tak it hame an' read it to my mither for she's blin, an' I dinna think we have a book o' that name at hame." He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves four one pound notes. The others hung down their heads, and the gentleman said he was very sorry that they had not made a better choice.

Anecdote.—A lady having sent a very costly silk gown to be dyed, the dyer very politely carried it home himself, that he might be certain of its being conveyed with care. It so happened that the lady's husband opened the door to him, and being a very proud man, vexed at having condescended to open the door to a low tradesman, asked very angrily, what he had in his hand and whom it was for? "Sir" replied the man, "it is a parcel for the lady of the house." "What, for my wife?" answered the gentleman, "what can you have for my wife?" "Sir," rejoined the man, trembling, "I die for your wife." "My wife?" "Yes Sir I die for your wife and her two sisters."—

"You impudent dog," exclaimed the gentleman in a violent passion, "do you dare to tell me so to my face? Come some of you," calling his servants, "and kick this presumptuous and ignorant blockhead out of the house." They were proceeding to put his commands in execution, when the lady luckily came down stairs, (hearing a noise) and not only rescued her gown from the damage it might have sustained in the scuffle, but also the poor man who, for many years had actually dyed for her whole family.

A yankee who was travelling, lately, put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled telling large stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog which he had with him. They all stared and curiosity was on tiptoe to know; one guessed \$5, another 10, another 15, until they had exhausted their patience; when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered. *Not a cent*, replied he.

SUMMARY.

The periodical publications issued in Philadelphia, including newspapers, and exclusive of works published in part, such as the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, &c. amount to 49.

A third edition of the Hon. Silas Wood's, History of Long Island, embracing many important additions and corrections has been put to press by its author.

New Post Offices.—One in Stratford, Washington co. of which Stephen P. Cady is appointed Post Master. One at Fort Johnson, in Amsterdam, Washington co. George Warnick, Post Master. Also, one has been established in the east part of the town of Livingston, Livingston co. near the foot of Conesus Lake, to be called the Lakeville post office.

MARRIED,

In Hillsdale, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Trusdale, Mr. David H. Knapp, to Miss Cecelia A. daughter of Adonijah Bidwell, Esq. all of that place.

In Ancram, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. John Pulver, Mr. Alexander Smith to Miss Lydia Hoag.

In the same place, on the 25th ult. Mr. Charles Turner to Miss Betsey Lown.

At Athens, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Prentiss, Capt. Peter G. Coffin, to Mrs. Sally O. Green, all of that place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Beriah Pease, Esq. in the 62d year of his age.

On the 3d inst. of a short and very severe illness Robert J. son of Job B. Coffin, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Armenus Wesley Cable, son of Mr. William B. Cable, in the 2d year of his age.

In Copake, on the 20th ult. Mr. Philip Bogart, aged about 65 years.

In New Lebanon, on the 9th ult. Miss Alma Martha Booge, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Aaron J. Booge, of that place, aged 46 years.

His Excellency, Governor Clinton died in his office, in Albany, while reading in his chair, on Monday evening last, about 7 o'clock. By some it is supposed to be in consequence of a fit of apoplexy, by others of the dropsy in the chest. He was in the 59th year of his age, and has since his entrance on manhood, occupied a prominent station in public life.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED YOUTH.

*"Death's shafts fly thick: Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?"*

Health's roseate hue on his cheek late was smiling
And life was new budding around him;
Now pale in the tomb he's silent reclining,
For death's icy fetters have bound him.

Fair maidens assembled, and wept on that day,
And fondly his parents hung o'er him;
The young men conveyed his loved relics away—
And sad, to the cold grave they bore him.

They shuddered and paused at the quick rattling sound,
As heavy the earth then fell o'er him;
And tremblingly wept as in making the mound,
With sorrow, the turf they pressed o'er him.

They dashed the big drops, as they faster arose,
And sighing, they mournfully leave him;—
Now peaceful he slumbers at rest from his woes—
Affection a garland shall weave him.

Oh! when the last trump sounds so sweet, shrill and clear,
Fond parents again ye shall meet him;—
In ne'er waning light will your lost one appear—
In Heaven, ye'll joyfully greet him!

STANZAS.

Let's twine a gay garland for friendship's fond brow,
And while the bright chaplet we weave for those now
Whose affections we cherish, we'll fill up the bowl,
For the fondest, the truest in heart and in soul.

Aye, fill up the goblet for those we love best,
And pledge we high ever, the fond, faithful breast
Which receives us as friends when we fly from the scorn
Of the false ones who bay'd us when fortune did dawn.

Fill the goblet again, for with friendship so true
In the bright, rosy cup will we pledge young love too,
They are twin sisters, both, and we'll waken our youth,
While we pledge our warm hearts to Love, Friendship
and Truth.

And when we arrive at that haven where all
Meet on equal ground yet, 'neath the shroud and the pall,
We'll remember the fond ones who made our woe brief,
When Adversity hover'd on her dark wing of Grief. A.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

BY WALTER FERGERSON, ESQ.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come:

When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;

And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one.

She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift—that, when
The parting hour would come,

They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,

Laugh that fond faith to scorn,

And bid him cast the pledge aside,

That he from youth had borne—

She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son

Goes with this holy thing;

The love that would retain the one

Must to the other cling.

Remember! 'tis no idle toy,

A mother's gift—Remember, boy!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Bar.

PUZZLE II.—Wit.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
We shall feel much obliged to any of the ladies who will solve the following logograph. We have lost ten minutes of our precious life, and gained a head ache in attempting to make light out of its darkness. When we read the first line, we thought it meant the Partition of Turkey, and the third put us in mind of an author's coat. What can it be?—*N. Y. Courier.*

I'm wonderful, marvellous, all that's uncommon,
Sometimes I'm a man, and sometimes a woman:
When whole, I'm always a subject for wonder,
So now please to guess at my parts when asunder.
In the fens I'm an insect, in barns a small beast;
To birds I'm a house, and I'm none of the least;
I catch fishes, make leather, hear all that is said,
And many a pair come to me to be wed:
Though with science oft coupled, I'm grim and look wild,
And yet you will own I am far from a child;
My passions you see by what falls from my eyes,
And my wrath is two fold, tho' I'm known to be wise;
In revenge I'm a goddess, in the forest a deer,
To one point of the compass I'm sure I can veer;
In the north I'm a bridge, many travellers see,
And nuns in the convent are guarded by me;
On board ship you may smell me, and see me all round,
And then in your wake I am sure to be found;
On the lace of your stays I'm on one end or both,
I'm the emblem of industry, symptom of sloth.
What the enemy sowed while the husbandman slept,
What at dinner you do, and where fire is kept
You ride in me, ride on me, ride at me, nay more,
You sometimes ride through me, I'm just half a score;
I'm in dress like a Quaker, and always at hand,
Beneath you when sitting, but not when you stand;
Each morning you take me, each quarter you pay,
To sailors at midnight I oft show the way;
While blest with my presence you quietly lay;
I'm dispatch'd, I'm dissever'd, a gift of crown'd land,
In what boys do by heart, and what men do by hand;
The sun is like me, when he makes you his bow,
And I'm sure 'twill be strange if you can't guess me now.

II.

Why is a man who ties his father in a sack like the river Tigris?

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